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They are GOOD!

PUGET SOUND BERRIES SOLD IN CHICAGO

Reach the Market Eighty Hours
After Being Picked.

CHICAGO, July 25.—Berries picked in the Puget Sound area in the far northwest are served on breakfast tables in Chicago eighty hours later as a result of the inauguration by the Northern Pacific Railway of a special express refrigerator train operating on passenger schedules between the Pacific Northwest and Chicago.

Heretofore these fresh fruits have either been marketed in the immediate neighborhood where they were raised or they have been shipped in single cars by express to eastern markets, it was stated. In the last few years the development of the berry industry has been so rapid in the Northwest that additional markets had to be opened. To meet the emergency the Northern Pacific this spring arranged for special fruit trains, which are now operating daily.

Fruit Specials.
The fruit specials are bringing strawberries, cherries, raspberries, blackberries and Loganberries from the Salmons, Yakima, Puyallup and Walla Walla, Wash. valleys, Boshon Island, Puget Sound and Lewiston, Ida. country.

These trains are fed five times between the Pacific Coast and Chicago and make no other stops.

At present special trainloads of red raspberries are being brought into St. Paul and Minneapolis and Chicago every day by the Northern Pacific.

By Motor Truck.

In the production centers, the berries are rushed by motor truck and in-terurban street car service to the refrigerator cars on the Northern Pacific tracks every afternoon. The cars are loaded rapidly, iced, and hurried on passenger schedules to Spokane, Wash. where all of them from the several originating points in the Pacific Northwest are united into a special fruit train during the night. In the early hours of the morning the train pulls out of Spokane for the East.

Upon arrival in Chicago the express companies deliver the berries promptly either to the commission and wholesale houses, which have purchased them, or to the Chicago market.

No Space Lost



Talk of saving space! This tiny coal store, in Seattle, Wash., its owner, B. K. Walton, says, is the smallest in the world. Every inch is used. Even the window serves as a counter by day and closes up the place at night. The store is 51 by 31 1-2 inches.

ASK YOUR
DEALER FOR
TRADE
MARVEL COAL
MARK
RED ASH-CAHABA
MINED ONLY BY
RODEN COAL CO
MARVEL, ALA.

5,000 Baptized In Mississippi



That was the number won over by Aimee Semple McPherson, evangelist and faith healer, at meetings in St. Louis. Photo shows a convert being immersed.

Love Of Trees Almost A Tradition With Slavs, Have The Oldest Forests In World

Quaint Custom Is Kissing the Yule Log in the Forest.

NEW YORK, July 25.—(Special Letter.)—Love of trees is almost a religion to the Jugo-Slav peasant, surrounded as he is by century-old forests. The young Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, lately come into notice as a hopeful unit in the Balkans, boasts some of the oldest forests in the world. During the Middle Ages wood from the provinces east of the Adriatic was exported to Venice where it was made up into ships and furniture and cabinets—some of the famed works of art that have been left to us from the early Renaissance.

Centuries of Turks. During the centuries of Turkish rule the trees suffered as well as the rest of the country. The Mohammedan governors made no regulation concerning the cutting of trees and were not far-sighted enough to realize their value to the country. The peasants were permitted to cut trees promiscuously and were not encouraged to plant any for replacements. An even more commonplace factor was the damage done to young forests by the goats which were allowed to browse at leisure among the shoots and plants of the virgin forests. Thousands of acres of wooded land was almost completely destroyed by hordes of cattle who made this their chief food in the autumn. Lately of course these conditions have been remedied.

Yule Log.
One of the most naive and picturesque customs deals with choosing of a tree for a Yule log at Christmas time. Without this yule log, or Badnjak as it is known in Slavonia, no Christmas is complete and no family

is too poor to have one. At dawn of December 24th the father or eldest male member of the household sets out to fetch a Yule log from the woods. He may even go to a strange forest for this purpose and he will not be condemned for theft as this custom is so old that the right of every family to a Badnjak is accepted without question.

Gather the Chips.
Arrived in the forest, the peasant looks about for a straight young oak tree and having found one he says a special prayer, draws on his gloves in honor of the act he is about to perform and then gravely wishes the tree good morning. "A happy Christmas to you," he remarks to the oak and then puts his arms about it and kisses it as though it were a human being. He then raises his axe and strikes the tree. Another member of the family who has accompanied him receives the first chip in his hands and this chip is afterwards placed in the milk, the bee hive, the hen roost, anywhere that the house wife especially desires prosperity. In some regions the chips of the Badnjak are all gathered up and baked into cakes. The cakes are then presented to members of the family and to the animals of the farm.

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There's a Lot of Laughter at The-End-of-the-Earth About Kiwis.

A SHORT while ago Stella was story telling to her four Brownies and they were particularly interested in her account of the Moa bird.

It is a bird of the long, long ago, and for over five hundred years there had been no Moas, the Fairy explained to her Brownies; that Moa eggs and skeletons have been deeply imbedded under the soil, and that that is how people learned about them and their habits and appearance.

"The Moa was twice as large as an Ostrich, in fact," said Stella. "The Ostrich is its descendant, and Moas have left down the ages after them yet another descendant, the Kiwi bird."

"What a foolish name!" he laughed. There is something about Pimble's laugh that makes everyone who hears him join in, and in about one-half of a second the other three Brownies (and even the Wishing Fairy) were all laughing as hard as they could. They laughed so heartily that pretty soon, even though they were still laughing, they had forgotten just what they were really laughing about.

Have you ever heard a little child laugh that way? I have. They laugh so long, and they laugh so hard, and they have such fun laughing that they soon forget what the joke was.

"The Kiwi," Stella at last explained, "is over so much smaller than the Moa or even the Ostrich. It is only about two feet long, though it reminds one very much of what the huge Moa must have looked like; for it also has no wings."

"Mrs. Kiwi," Stella continued, "once came to the End-of-the-Earth with a wish for me to grant. It was to make her much larger than Mr. Kiwi, for it seems he was continually boasting about his enormous Moa ancestor and his own size, and it rather got on Mrs. Kiwi's nerves. Now that she is bigger than he is he no longer seems so fond of the subject and she has some peace. When she was here she told me all about herself."

"Oh! tell us—please!" cried the Brownies.

"She told me that Kiwis cannot fly and that they are very fast runners. She told me they only go around after dark and spend the days at home in their nests, which they build in hollows at the foot of some tree. Mrs. Kiwi," Stella added, "seemed particularly proud of her egg, which she talked a lot about. She only has a single one at a time in the nest, but she said it is terribly large and creamy white."

"It strikes me," laughed Pimble, "that they are a very boastful lot! Mr. Kiwi boasts to Mrs. Kiwi about his size. She comes to you, gets you to make her bigger than him so that he can't boast any more and then she starts in and boasts to you about her one and only egg! Did she boast about anything else?"

"Yes," answered Stella, "she did."

"I knew it!" the Brownie said triumphantly. "And what about?"

"Her nose."

"Her nose!" and Pimble roared: "I suppose she thought it the biggest, longest and the most beautiful nose in the world!"

"Well," admitted the Fairy, "I can't say that it was pretty, but it certainly was long! But the thing that is strange about the Kiwi nose is that it is really a bill—"

"But every one knows that bills are long!"

"Yes," laughed Stella, "but the odd thing about the Kiwi bill is that unlike most birds the nostrils are at the tip end of it. Here is a picture of the Kiwi!"

"Goodness!" said Pimble when he saw it, "I certainly don't think much of Kiwis—with all their boasting and nothing to boast about—at least in looks!"

"You'll notice," said Stella, "that in life those are the only ones that ever boast."

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Watson Parker & Reese Co.

—Everything to wear—

BOY'S DEPARTMENT

MAIN FLOOR—REAR LEFT AISLE

WEDNESDAY, JULY 26, 1922

"It's 'Portant News Mother- Watson, Parker & Reese Are Selling Boy's Suits for \$3.98"

"I T says in this paper that they have got about 50 of their fine summer suits left after their big sale and now they are going to put them on sale at this awfully low price so as not to have to carry them over for next year for they don't never sell any suits except the newest ones each year and never a last year model."

—LINEN CRASH

—PALM BEACH

—SHEPHERD CHECKS

—COOL KENNY CRASHES



"A N' further down here is says that these suits are all nice light weight, cool and very comfortable for little boys to wear an' that they are the newest styles and the prettiest patterns. It says hat in this bunch are some that sold up to \$14.00. Just think of that for only \$3.98.

"I'd like to have one of those suits, mother, for even if the season is nearly a third gone I could get \$3.98 worth of wear out of it next summer. They have them in sizes from 7 to 18. Don't you think we'd better go down there real early in the morning and get one before they are all sold out?"

INDIANS RARELY SEE WHITE MAN

U. S. Curator Penetrates Far In-
land in Nicaragua.

PHILADELPHIA, July 19.—Whar-ton Huber, assistant curator of the ornithology section of the Academy of Natural Sciences, returned recently to this city from hitherto little known regions of Nicaragua where he assembled a large collection of birds, beasts, fish and reptiles, a number of which he believes have not yet been classified. He also claims to have penetrated to the villages of Sumo Indians who rarely had seen a white man. The scientists' specimens include 600 birds, 40 rare mammals and 2,000 fish, reptiles and insects, all of which will be placed on exhibition in the local institution.

180 Miles Inland.
"My research work was done about 180 miles inland from the Nicaraguan coast," said Mr. Huber. "We established our headquarters at a small mining camp whence we made trips further into the country. The average annual rainfall here is 147 inches. From the time I reached the interior until I left there never was a dry article of clothing on me. The country is infected with red bugs, smaller than fleas which burrow under the skin and inflict serious wounds."

Mahogany Logs.
"I went up the Prinza Polka river for 180 miles in a pitpan, an open boat made of a hollowed-out mahogany log. Then in a smaller pitpan I ascended the Banbana river to Mininda. The district is hilly, and covered with tropical forests so dense that it is impossible to enter them until a way is cut by Indians."

"The only inhabitants are a few scattered tribes of Indians apparently of Spanish and Miskito Indian descent. With a body of these Indians as guides I penetrated to certain villages of the Sumo Indians."

Like Chinese.
"The Sumo men are very skillful hunters, but the tribe is rapidly becoming extinct. With all their ability in hunting and their courage in facing wild animals, they are excessively timid of strange human beings, and will run away even from members of other Indian tribes. Miskito Indians sometimes walk into their villages and take anything they want without meeting resistance. The Sumos, numbering about 500 souls all told, have the slant, almond eyes of the Chinese and their skin is about the same color as that of a Chinaman."

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toothache,
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New Chef Comes to Hughey's

Mr. Fred Koch

Is now presiding over the kitchen at this well known
Restaurant.

Mr. Koch brings to this restaurant a wide experience gained from having worked as Chef in leading hotels and restaurants in numerous of the larger cities of this country also leading hotels and eating houses in England, Holland and Germany and Cuba.

In securing the services of this expert we are necessarily put to considerable expense, but feel that the response on the part of the public will amply justify this extra expense.

It is our aim to serve the very highest quality of food the market affords, and prepared as only experts can, and we propose to give the very fastest service in the city.

Watch for Further Announcements

HUGHEY'S RESTAURANT